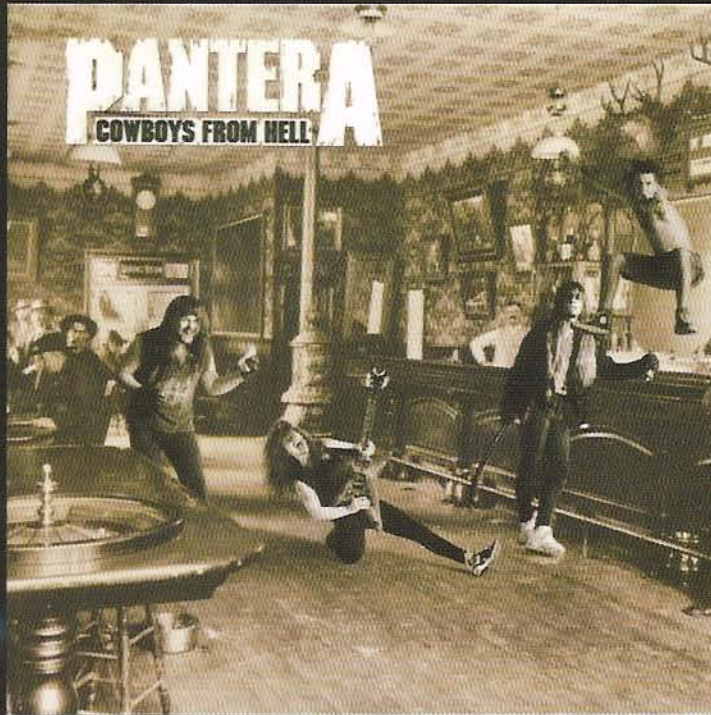
AUTHENTIC GUITAR TAB EDITION

PANTERA

COWBOYS FROM HELL

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FOREWORD

COWBOYS FROM HELL

When Atco Records unleashed Pantera's aptly named *Cowboys from Hell* album on the unsuspecting metal-loving public in 1990, it may have been the band's major label debut, but it certainly wasn't their first release. In fact, the Texan outfit had released no fewer than four albums prior to this one—all on their own label. That said, *Cowboys from Hell* was the first opportunity the world at large got to hear the band and also the first one that featured the fearsome, metallic beast into which Pantera had evolved.

From the hypnotically catchy yet, heavy, opening riff of the album's title track, to the explosive finale of the aptly named "The Art of Shredding," it was immediately obvious that Pantera was no ordinary band and their guitarist—then going by the handle "Diamond Darrell"—was no run-of-the-mill metal guitarist. Both were clearly destined for greatness, and it didn't take long for that prophecy to come to pass. By the mid-'90s, Pantera were rightly being hailed as the greatest metal band of their generation, and Dimebag Darrell (yep, his nickname evolved!) was rightfully considered by many as being the most significant and influential metal guitarist to have emerged since Edward Van Halen—a player who had a profound influence on Dime. *"His raw spontaneity always lights me up,"* Dime once told me. *"He made me look at the instrument in a different way, man. He made me look at it as a tool you can screw around with rather than something you should always play very carefully and precisely. He proved technical playing can still be aggressive."*

Cowboys from Hell is packed full of the unique mix of musical skills and ingredients that made both the band and their axeman world famous, and also caused them to have a profound influence on all who followed in their trail-blazing wake—and, if truth be told (and admitted!) on many that went before them too. Let's take a quick look at some of them...

Rhythm 'n' Bruise

Cowboys from Hell is a testament to the importance of having great riffs, great arrangements, and killer rhythm chops. It is also proof perfect of the incredibly tight, subconscious rhythmic bond that existed between Dime and his brother Vinnie Paul, Pantera's drummer extraordinaire. *"Well balanced players rip on rhythm as well as lead,"* Dime attests. *"As far as I'm concerned, it's no good being able to wail out smokin' leads if your rhythm chops hug!* [Note: "hug" is Dimebonics for "suck" or "stink"!] *I've been into rhythm playing since day one, and a lot of that has to do with having a brother who kicks ass on drums. I grew up jamming with Vinnie, and he definitely taught me the importance of timing and playing tight—and that, along with some great chops, is what rhythm playing is all about."*

Of course, great rhythm chops without great riffs are of no value—enter Dime the riff writer from hell. "Like another of his idols, Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi, Dime had the ability to pen riffs that were heavy, memorable, and, dare I say it, melodic, albeit in a twisted sense! From the infectious E minor blues scale riff that is "Cowboys from Hell" (Figure 1) to the disturbing, chromatic descent that opens "Message in Blood," (Figure 2) Dime's riffs are instantly unforgettable.

Figure 1

Figure 2

His use of major and minor diads (two-note chords) is also inspired. The verse riff of "The Sleep" (Figure 3) and the pre-chorus of "Message in Blood" are both great examples of this trait in action.

Figure 3

Perhaps Dime's most brilliant rhythm playing gift, though, was his innate ability to make a motif based on a single note both memorable and immediately recognizable. The syncopated, single-note intro riff to "Psycho Holiday" (Figure 4) is a great example of this trait in action—creating a hypnotic rhythmic pulse.

Figure 4

"A lot of Pantera's riffs are tight-assed power grooves like this," he once told me. *"In a way, I'm kind of a percussionist when it comes to picking, because a lot of my rhythmic patterns are almost drum patterns...like the beginning of "Psycho Holiday." Only one note (F) is being hit but, you know exactly what the song is thanks to the rhythmic pattern being pounded out."*

The Art of Shredding

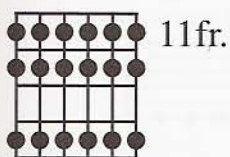
This entire book could easily be dedicated to the dissection of Dime's lead-playing brilliance! While processing the chops to blaze at the speed of light, like many of his heroes—including Edward Van Halen, Randy Rhoads, Ace Frehley, and Billy Gibbons—Dime instinctively knew when to slow it down and let a handful of well-chosen, well-placed notes do the talking. His restrained, yet remarkably musical openings to his solos in "Cowboys from Hell" and "Cemetary Gates" illustrate this ability to the tee. *"I hate guys who play fast leads all the time just because they can,"* Dime once remarked. *"C'mon, slow down and play some notes that count, dude. Hell, I'll take one note over a million any day! Play that one note with heart, feel, and guts, and then let that sucker sing, just like Billy Gibbons does. Hey, don't get me wrong, I love wailing out leads as much as the next guy BUT only if it complements the track. To me, playing what works best for the song is much more impressive than trying to impress other guitarists by jerking off all over the neck or showing off your new three-handed guitar technique. Tone and feel are much more important."*

When Dime feels the time is right to shred though, boy, does he, and "Cowboys from Hell" is a great showcase of his remarkable abilities in this area. His use of wide stretches and legato (hammer-ons and pull-offs) to create lightning-fast runs while flowing like fluid is world class, as is his note choice, deft use of pinch-harmonics, and superbly controlled, emotive employment of wide bends and vibrato. The inspiration for the wide, fretboard-hand stretches he often does came from Eddie Van Halen: *"I kept seeing pictures in* Guitar World *of him doing big-assed, left-hand finger stretches, and that inspired me to start dicking around with wide-stretch ideas of my own. Another thing I learned from studying those pictures was the importance of my little finger. It's there, so use it—it definitely gives you more reach."*

Another trademark Van Halen trait Dime uses to great effect are symmetrical runs, namely employing the same exact fingering pattern on each string during a run. Figure 5, a run similar to one used near the start of his "Cowboys from Hell" solo, is a perfect illustration of this idea in action. Figure 6 shows a fretboard diagram of the symmetrical fingering used in this lick.

Figure 5

Figure 6

11fr.

I'll let Dime explain how he came up with the above: *"How I came up with this ascending passage was real simple. I was messing around with a wide-stretch lick on the low E string* [marked as "initial lick" in Figure 5] *and figured, hey, let's see what happens if I take this pattern right across the neck and end on the high E string. I tried it, it sounded cool as shit, and so I used it in my 'Cowboys...' lead. I have absolutely no clue what's happening scale-wise—to me it's just a ripping E minor run that works. I'm into futzing around with symmetrical runs in a major way."*

Harmonic Screams

Perhaps one of Dime's most celebrated techniques is his penchant for using his whammy bar to make natural harmonics literally scream. The first time most of the world heard this was at the end of "Cemetary Gates," where Dime used this technique to duplicate vocalist Phil Anselmo's emotional screams with uncanny accuracy. How does he do this? Once again, I'll let Dime explain: *"I stumbled upon harmonic squeals when I was dicking around one day. A lot of people think I use a harmonizer or a [Digitech] Whammy pedal to do them, but I don't: all I use is my bar and some natural harmonics. To make a harmonic scream, I first dump my Floyd Rose [locking whammy bar system] real quick, hit a harmonic with my left hand while the string is still flapping, and then use the bar to pull it up to the pitch I want. If this sounds complex to you, don't skitz...it's actually a pretty simple thing to do once you've got the technique down. Here's the idea broken down into four easy steps:*

> ***Step 1:*** *Flick the string you want to hit the harmonic on with your left (fretboard) hand.*
> ***Step 2:*** *Dump the bar down.*
> ***Step 3:*** *Lightly tap the harmonic you want with a left-hand finger.*
> ***Step 4:*** *Let the whammy bar come back up real smoothly—so the harmonic squeals like a pig!"*

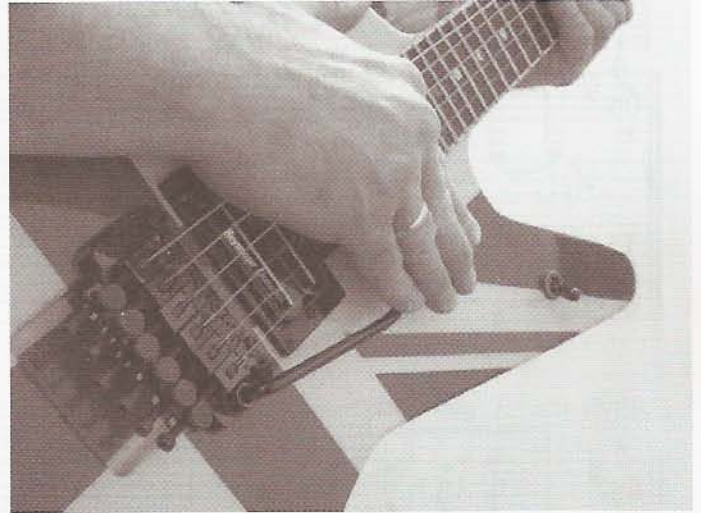
This said, to make matters a little more complex...

1. Dime often does this with those hard-to-hit harmonics that reside between the frets—like the one that can be found about ¼ of the way between the second and third frets on the G string. It's hard to find and needs a lot of distortion to coax out, but when you catch it right, boy does it squeal beautifully! A perfect way to get used to locating those "in-between the frets" harmonics is to master the intro to "Heresy" (Figure 7), which is 100 percent constructed from natural harmonics and includes two of those hard-to-hit ones.

Figure 7

2. Dime often pulls harmonics past their regular pitch—a move that requires fine control over the whammy bar and also calls on you to use your ears as well as your hands to hit the note(s) you're aiming for. To help control this with precision, here's what Darrell does: *"I've found that with the bar aiming towards the back of the guitar* [Photo A], *I can more accurately get to the note I'm aiming for because I have to push the bar down to get there—think about it! But whenever I'm aiming for a gut-wrenching squeal, I go for it with the bar facing the front* [Photo B]. *There's a different feel to both, so experiment and find which works best for you. Backward or forward? The choice is yours."*

Photo A

Photo B

The book you are holding was painstakingly and meticulously transcribed by one of the industry's finest and most respective purveyors of this art—Danny Begelman. That said, guitar playing is a deeply personal thing, and the interpretation of another player's work is, and will always be subjective—unless the artist whose work is under the microscope is intimately involved in the process. And, as we all know, sadly that wasn't possible in this case, as Dime is regrettably no longer with us...I know for a fact that if he was, though, he would've poured over every single note! So, while Danny's incredible work serves as the ultimate road map, if you hear something differently or feel more comfortable playing the same notes in a different place on the neck, then go for it! As Dime once said, *"...remember, it's all good, everything goes and there ain't no rules or boundaries. So get off! Tear it a new ass, tear it hard, rip gaping holes in it! Make tracks, leave marks!"*

R.I.P. Dime. Your music, mayhem, mirth, memory and inspiration live on...and always will.

Nick "Hitchcock" Bowcott, July 2007

THE ART OF SHREDDING

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

F♯5
B5
C♯5
A/C♯
C♯5
A/C♯
Faster ♩ = 232
Bass & Drums tacet
Play 4 times
E5
Rhy. Fig. 1
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
Bass & drums enter
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 3 times
E5
Whoa!

B♭5
B5
B♭5
G5
39
Elec. Gtr. 2
Verse 1:
41
E5
G♯5
Un-i-ty is a rare thing.__ Blind eyes of so-ci-e-ty bring__
Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.
45
E5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
B5
the cat-e-go-ry of mi-nor-i-ty,__ now what are we sup-posed__ to be?__
49
E5
G♯5
Born free to be pow-er-less__ to change__ the world__

E5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
with our lives in the hands of mad - men.
Yow!
end Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.
Interlude:
E5
Rhy. Fig. 3
end Rhy. Fig. 3
B5/F♯
Verse 2:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 2)
E5
G♯5
Now in times when so - ci - e - ty needs us
this is where the sin be - gins.
E5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
B5
We're a-ware they're go-ing to free us,
rage from our hearts with - in.

E5
G♯5
Born of this world, which is a living hell.
E5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
But we'll be clos-er to heav-en. So
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 4 times
E5
now, this is the art to shred...
it's on-ly e-mo-tion.
this is the art to shred...
it's on-ly e-mo-tion.
Interlude:
E5
Elec. Gtr. 2
P.M. throughout

E5
Eb5
D5
Half time ♩ = 116
Bb5
F5
P.M.

116
G5
F♯5
F5
B♭5
E5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
120
B♭5
F5
P.M.
P.M.
123
G5
F♯5
F5
A♭5
8va
Shred!
pick slide
pick slide
Dbl. time ♩ = 232
G♭5
A♭5
E5
G♭5
(8va)
127

*Chords implied by bass gtr.

A5
C5
(8va)
143
1
22
22
22
22
22
22
22
20
22
20
22
21
20
1 1/2
21
(21)
(21)
(21)
19
A5
D5
147
17
20
17
17
17
13
17
13
14
Elec. Gtr. 2
3
7
5
E5
F5
G5
A5
D5
151
6
w/trem. bar
20
17
19
15
18
15
18
17
13
16
15
12
14
9
7
10
8
12
10
14
12

E5 F5 G5 A5 G5 A5 G5 A5 D5

(8va)

155

1 1/2

E5 F5 G5 A5 D5

(8va)

159

A.H.

1 1/2

E5 F5 G5 B5 C5 D5 D♯5

163

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Elec. Gtr. 2)
167
E5
So
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 4 times
171
E5
now, this is the art to shred...
175
it's on - ly e - mo - tion.
179
this is the art to shred...
183
it's on - ly e - mo - tion.
Outro:
E5
187
Elec. Gtr. 2
P.M.
190
Right!
(P.M.)

CLASH WITH REALITY

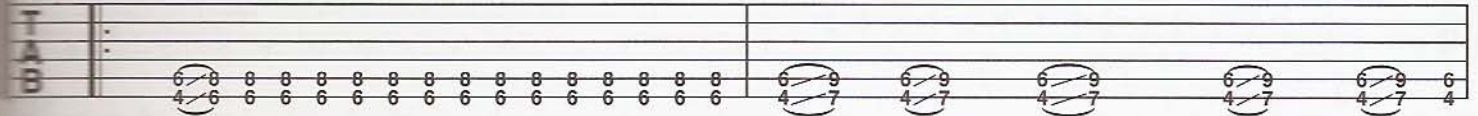
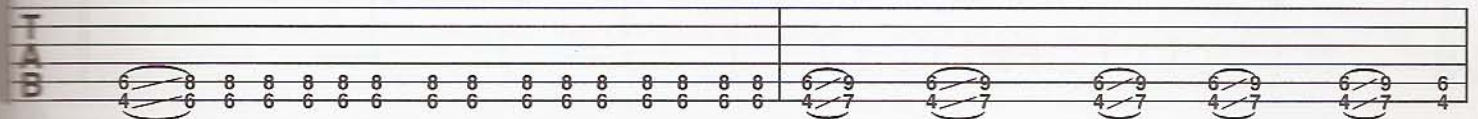
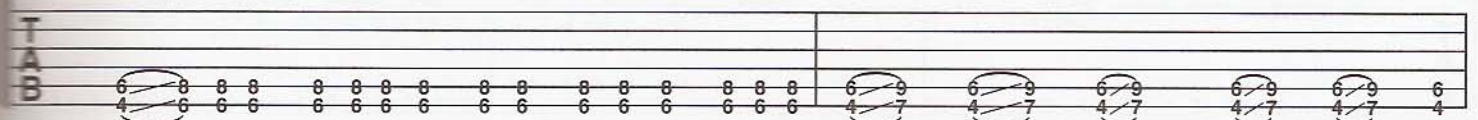
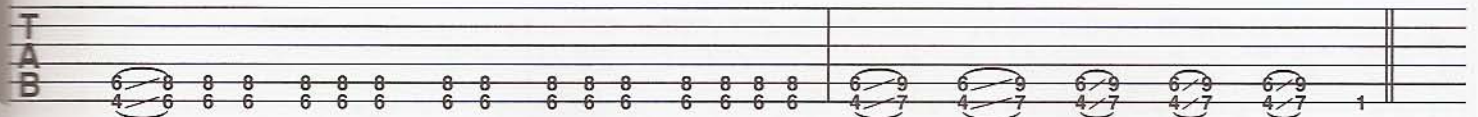
Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

D5
(P.M.)

Drums end dbl.-time feel
A♭5
G♭5
G5
D5
A♭5

N.C.
A.H.
A♭5

A(♭5,♭7)
D5

Verse:
B♭5
1. Some - times I know I feel un - touch - a - ble.
(2.) rel - e-vant theme, a sit - u - a - tion and there's noth - ing but right.
P.M.
Drown - ing in life, caught up in the ac - ces - si - ble.
In kicks the door, no - bod - y moves 'cause in walks the prob - lem.
P.M.
Back down the ground, I hear the sound, there's no es - cape. The con - crete cloud
Dic - tates your fate, e - victs, con - victs, who'll sign the writ of life?
P.M.
spill - ing on me, drench - ing me with lay - men's sins.
This now be - comes their mor - bid game.
P.M.

D5
Db5
I hear the si - rens from the back of me.
Who's piss poor ex - cuse is this for a world?
P.M.
I'm crash - ing face first in - to the glass eye.
It swells my ha - tred day by day.
Chorus:
Ab5
Clash with re - al - i - ty,
it rears its ug - ly head.
Clash with re - al - i - ty,

1.
D5
the in - de - scrib - a - ble.
Clash with!
Drums play dbl.-time feel
A♭5
Ow!
Let the dogs
P.M.
lie where we f***-in' sleep!
2. Ir -
2.
Clash with!
(P.M.)
Interlude:
E5
N.C.
P.M.

1.
N.C.
2.
C5
D5
Drums play dbl.-time feel
E5
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.
N.C.
E5
1.
N.C.
2.
N.C.
Guitar Solo:
Drums end dbl.-time feel
F#5
Elec. Gtr. 3 (w/dist.)
f w/wah
Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
f w/wah
Elec. Gtr. 1

Elec. Gtrs. 2 & 3 tacet
Elec. Gtr. 4 (w/dist.)
grad. bend
Elec. Gtr. 3
Elec. Gtr. 2

C5
D5
(8va)
Interlude:
Drums play dbl.-time feel
E5
Elec. Gtr. 1
N.C.
E5
1.
N.C.
2.
N.C.
w/trem. bar
P.M.
w/trem. bar
1 1/2
*Depress trem. bar to slack.
**Depress trem. bar down approx. 1 1/2 steps
(sounding pitch should be C♮).

82
E5
G5
A5 B♭5 A5 B♭5 C5
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.
84
E5
F5
G5
Clash with! Re - al - i - ty.
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
86
E5
G5
A5 B♭5 A5 B♭5 C5
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.
88
E5
Whoa!
(P.M.)

G5
B♭5
B5
(P.M.)
Drums play dbl.-time feel
E5
F5
G5
Clash!
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
E5
G5
B♭5
B5
G5
E5
(P.M.)
P.M.
P.M.

CEMETERY GATES

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

Cemetery Gates - 14 - 1
25955

F♯m7
Asus2
E5
D6/9
Cru - ci - fied for no sins, an im - age be - neath me.
Lost with - in my plans for life, it all seems so un - real.
I'm a man cut in half in this world, left in my mis - er - y.
Acous. Gtr.
hold
*Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
mf
*w/Digitech Whammy ™ pedal
(hold)
Elec. Gtr. 1
w/delay

Instrumental:

F♯m6 F♯m(♭6) F♯m F♯m7

F♯m6 F♯m(♭6) F♯m N.C.

F♯m7 Asus2 E5 D^6_9

F♯m7 Asus2 E5 D^6_9

Elec. Gtr. 2 *8va

Elec. Gtr. 1

hold hold

*Elec. Gtrs. 1 & 2 8va.

(8va)

(hold) hold hold

Faster ♩ = 138
1.2.
A5
F5
A5
F5
48
Elec. Gtr. 3 (w/dist.)
f
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.

3.
end half-time feel
52
F5
E5
F5
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
F♯5
A5
B5
A.H.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

56
C5
E5
F5
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

59
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
F♯5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

Verses 2 & 3:
resume half-time feel
F♯m7
Asus2
E5
D6/9
2. The rev - 'rend, he turned to me with-out a tear in his eyes.
3. Some-times when I'm a - lone, I won-der a - loud
Elec. Gtr. 4 (clean-tone)
mf hold throughout
It's noth-ing new for him to see, I did - n't ask him why.
if you're watch - ing o - ver me, some-place far a - bound.
Elec. Gtr. 4 cont. simile
I will re - mem - ber the love our souls had sworn to make.
I must re - verse my life, I can't live in the past.
Now I watch the fall - ing rain, all my mind can see now is your face.
Then set my soul free, be-long to me at last.
Elec. Gtr. 3
pick slide
Pre-chorus:
end half-time feel
F♯5
A5
1. Well, I guess you took my youth, and
2. Through all those com - plex years, I

80
D5
A/C♯
gave it all a - way.
thought I was a - lone.
F♯5
A5
E5
D5
A/C♯
Elec. Gtr. 3 cont. simile
82
Like the birth of a new found joy, this love would end in rage.
I did - n't care to look a - round and make this world my own.
86
F♯5
A5
E5
D5
A/C♯
And, when she died, I could - n't cry, the pride with - in my soul.
And, when she died, I should have cried and spared my - self some pain.
90
F♯5
A5
E5
You left me in - com - plete, all a - lone as the
You left me in - com - plete, all a - lone as the
Elec. Gtr. 3
To Coda
93
D5
A/C♯
E/G♯
A5
mem - o - ries now un - fold.
mem - o - ries still re - main.
P.M.

Chorus:
resume half-time feel
A5
F5
A5
Be - lieve the word,
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.
P.M.
F5
A5
F5
I will un - lock my door
and pass the cem -
A.H.
A.H.
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.
D.S. al Coda
A5
F5
E5
F5
- e - ter - y gates.
P.M.
A.H.
Coda
Chorus:
resume half-time feel
A5
A5
F5
The way we were,
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.

A5
F5
the chance to save
P.M.
A.H.
A.H.
Elec. Gtr. 3 cont. simile
my soul.
And my con - cern is now in vain.
Be - lieve the word,
I will un - lock
my door
and pass the cem - e - ter - y...
Elec. Gtr. 3
E5

Guitar Solo:
F♯m7
Asus2
E5
D6/9
gates.
Elec. Gtr. 5 (w/dist.)
f
*w/trem. bar
hold
hold
Elec. Gtr. 4
mp
Elec. Gtr. 4 cont. simile
8va

E5
D5
E5
F5
P.M.
rake
rake
rake
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M. throughout
end half-time feel
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
C♯5
C5
A5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
8va
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
C♯5
C5
A5
-1 1/2
-1 1/2
w/trem. bar
w/trem. bar
rake
P.H.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5
F5
F♯5
A5
B5
*w/trem. bar
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

148
C5
C♯5 C5 A5
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
E5 F5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
151
F♯5
A5
B5
C5
C♯5 C5 G♯5
C♯5 C5 G♯5
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
Chorus:
resume half-time feel
154
A5
F5
A5
F5
Elec. Gtr. 3 resume chorus fig. simile
The way we were, the chance to save
158
A5
F5
A5
F5
my soul. And my con - cern is now in vain.
162
A5
F5
A5
F5
Be - lieve the word, I will un - lock
166
A5
F5
A5
A5 E5 F5 A5 E5 F5 N.C.
my door and pass the cem - e - ter - y...
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M.

Outro:
A5
F5
8va throughout
gates!
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M.
A.H.
Elec. Gtr. 3 cont. simile
Elec. Gtr. 5
*8va throughout
Gates!
Harm.
w/trem. bar
*w/trem. bar
*Scoop with bar, gradually pulling up 2 1/2 steps, vibrate bar, gradually release bar, and then dive.
15ma
*Grad. depress bar, shake bar, then dive.
**Depress bar 2 1/2 steps , strike harmonic, gradually release bar, then gradually pull up 2 1/2 steps, vibrato w/bar, then release to slack.
Begin fade
*Gradually pull up on bar, then gradually release bar and depress to slack.
*Slackened string noise.
Fade out

COWBOYS FROM HELL

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

Moderately ♩ = 116

P.M.
Oh, come on!
T
A
B

gon-na take___ what's ours to have,___ spread the word through - out the land.___ The say
out of the dark - ness and in-to the light,___ sparks fly ev - 'ry-where in sight.___ From my
bad guys wear black, we're tagged and can't___ come back.___
dou - ble bar - rel___ twelve guage, can't lock me in___ your cage.___
Pre-chorus:
G5 G♯5 G5 B♭5 A5 A♭5
You see us com - in' and you all to - geth - er run for cov - er.
P.M.
P.M.
E5
We're tak - in' o - ver this town!___
T
A
B

Chorus:
E5
Here we come, reach for your gun, and you bet-ter lis - ten well, my friend. You see,
P.M.
it's been slow down be - low. Aimed at you, we're the cow - boys from hell.
Deed is done, a - gain we've won, ain't talk-ing no tall tales, friend, 'cause
high noon, your doom. Com-in' for you, we're the cow - boys from hell.
To Coda
1.
T
A
B

Yeah!
Oh.
2.
G5
F♯5
F5
Com - in' for you, we're the cow - boys from

Guitar Solo:
E5
C5
A/C♯
hell.
Elec. Gtr. 4 (w/dist.)
Rhy. Fig. 1
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M.
D5
B♭5 A5 G5
A.H.
8va
1 1/2

D5
Bb5
A5
G5
end Rhy. Fig. 1
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 3)
E5
C5
A/C#
D5
Bb5 A5 G5
E5
C5
A/C#
D5
Bb5
A5
G5

Interlude:

E5

(8va)

67

Rhy. Fig. 2
Elec. Gtr. 3

P.H.

P.M.

69

72

end Rhy. Fig. 2

75

Elec. Gtr. 2

w/slight P.M.

Elec. Gtr. 3

D.S. al Coda
w/slight P.M.
w/slight P.M.
Coda
Com - in' for you, we're the cow - boys from hell.
P.M.
Ah.
Step a - side, we're the cow-boys from hell.
P.M.
P.M.
Outro:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 3)
E5
Uh!
Elec. Gtr. 3
P.M.
P.M.

DOMINATION

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

Moderately fast ♩ = 134

A5
G5
E5
G5
P.M.
E5
B5
C♯5
D5
N.C.
E5
B5
B♭5
A5
G5
F♯5
F5
Verse:
E5
1. Ag - o - ny is the price that you'll pay in the end.
(2.) now blacked heart is reach - ing out in di - vin - i - ty.

B5
B♭5
A5
G5
F♯5
F5
E5
Dom - i - na - tion con - sumes you, then calls you a friend.
Bod - ies sus - pend - ed by chains o - ver ra - zors and nails.
It's a twist - ed fall!
It's a pen - al - ty!
Binds are like steel and ma - nip - u - lates the will to be.
Each ra - zor a vice and each nail marks de - mise of your life.
And it's hard to see!
Grim con - struc - tion grows!
How soon we for - get when there's noth - ing else left to des -
Has life played a trick, sealed you in brick by brick till your
P.M.
T
A
B

B5
Bb5
A5
G5
F#5
F5
troy.
It's a use - less ploy!
end?
Forc - ing you to bend!
P.M.
Pre-chorus:
C5
G5
D5
E5
G5/E*
Your eyes will see the dawn of the day, and the
*Bass plays E.
E5
F5/E
E5
G5/E
B5
Bb5
A5
G5
F#5
F5
writ - ing on the wall.
C5
G5
F5
E5
G5/E
Those words that stare in - to your soul, and to

E5
F5/E
E5
D5/E
F5 G5 A5 B5 C5 D5
your - self you will...
be - fall!
P.M.
Chorus:
Drums resume dbl.-time feel
E5
G5
It's dom - i - na -
E5
A5
G5
tion,
pushed in - to
Drums end dbl.-time feel
E5
G5
liv-ing hell.
Dom - i - na -

*Depress trem. bar, hit note, then gradually release bar to normal position and then push in bar to slack.

*Bass plays E.

*Depress trem. bar, hit harmonic, then gradually release bar to normal position and continue to pull up on bar beyond normal postion.

Elec. Gtr. 1 tacet

*Chord implied by bass gtr.

B5
P.M.
C5
(P.M.)
D5
8va
D♯5
grad. rit.

Slower ♩ = 80
Outro:
Play 4 times
E5
Rhy. Fig. 1
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
Elec. Gtr. 2
8va
w/harmonizer
16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13 16 13 12 13
Play 4 times, sim.
(8va)
17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13 17 13 12 13
F5
E5
F5
G5
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M. throughout
1.
2.
E5
E5

MESSAGE IN BLOOD

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

2.
Two Gtrs. arranged for one.
(B5)
Cm
Gm
P.M.
A.H. P.M.
Play 4 times
G♭
F5
A♭5
Cm
F♯dim
P.M.
A.H.
P.M.
1/2
w/trem. bar
Verse:
*Cm
Gm
G♭
F
Cm
Gm
1. There's a place that I keep deep in - side me, it can trig - ger my
2. I'm pro - voked in - to sick con - fron - ta - tions, bru - tal, time af - ter
Elec. Gtr. 2 (clean-tone)
mp
*Chords implied by bass gtr.
B♭5
F5
Cm
Gm
G♭
F
mind. All a - long I knew it has been with me,
time. Bed of nails, suf - fo - ca - tion, life's end - ing,
Elec. Gtr. 1
Elec. Gtr. 2
f
mp

Cm Gm B♭5 F♯5
since I was just a child!
slay in dif - f'rent de - signs!
Elec. Gtr. 1
Cm Gm G♭ F
I just sum - mon pow - er with - in my soul,
One man's mis - er - y is an - oth - er man's mys - ter - y.
P.M.
Cm Gm G♭ F
it has giv - en me life be - yond life.
No one cares to un - der - stand my de - ment - ed needs.
P.M.
Cm Gm G♭ F
I take blame for my mur - der - ous prob - lem, my
Sticks and stones can break all your brit - tle bones,
P.M.

Cm
Gm
C5
B5
B♭5
A5
A♭5
sig - na - ture al - ways re - minds!
ep - i - taph writ - ten at your feet!
P.M.
A.H.
Chorus:
N.C.
(G5)
(B5)
It's a mes - sage in blood,
it's your cryp - tic warn - ing.
(P.M.)
With - in the mes - sage in blood,

1.
(G5)
(B5)
marks the years of pain and your god - for - sak - en end - ing
(P.M.)
G5
A♭5
Cm
Gm
to life!
P.M.
A.H.
G♭
F5
Cm
Gm
F♯dim
w/trem. bar

2.
(B5)
G5
A♭5
N.C.
(Drum fill)
god - for - sak - en end - ing to life!
Guitar Solo:
* Dm
B♭
A
Dm
Elec. Gtr. 3
(w/dist.)
w/trem. bar
Elec. Gtr. 4 (w/dist.)
w/trem. bar
*Chords are implied by bass gtr.
Elec. Gtrs. 3 & 4 tacet
B♭
A
Cm
A♭
G
Elec. Gtr. 5 (w/dist.)
Elec. Gtr. 3
Elec. Gtr. 4

Cm
Ab
G
Dm
A.H.
Bb
8va
A
Dm
(8va)
Bb
(8va)
A
Em
15ma
C
B
Em
P.M.

C
B
(P.M.)
G5
N.C.
(Drum fill)
Elec. Gtr. 1
hold bend
hold bend
Elec. Gtr. 3
Elec. Gtr. 4
Interlude:
G5
Elec. Gtr. 1
w/slight P.M. throughout

A5
G5
N.C.
P.M.
Chorus:
(G5)
(B5)
It's a mes-sage in blood,
P.M.

78
(G5)
(B5)
it's your crypt - tic warn - ing.
(P.M.)
80
(G5)
(B5)
With-in the mes-sage in blood,
P.M.
82
(G5)
(B5)
marks the years of pain and your god - for - sak - en end - ing
(P.M.)
84
G5
A♭5
F5
to life!
P.M.

N.C.
(G5)
Mes-sage in blood, mes-sage in blood.
P.M.
Mes - sage in blood, mes - sage in blood.
P.M.
P.M.

Play 4 times
P.M.
(Drums end dbl.-time feel)
B5 B♭5 A♭5 B♭5 B5 B♭5 G5 G♯5 A5 E5 B5 B♭5 A♭5 B♭5
Very Heavy P.M.
B5 B♭5 G G♯ A E5 B5 B♭5 A♭5 B♭5 B5 B♭5 G5 G♯5 A5 E5
(Very Heavy P.M.)
B5 B♭5 A♭5 B♭5 B5 B♭5 C♯5 G♯5 C♯5
Verses 1 & 3:
E5 G5 G♯5
1. Here we are in a world of cor - rup - tion. Hu - man
3. I know what's right or wrong and my be -

E5
F5
F♯5
na - ture is a vi - o - lent breed.
lief is strong - er than your ad - vice.
P.M.
E5
G5
G♯5
Who cares if there's no to - mor - row when I
Peo - ple they go to war be - cause re -
P.M.
E5
E♭5
B♭5
E♭5
die, my fu - ture's laid out for me. Can't you see?
lig - ion gives them rea - son to fight. Sac - ri - fice.
P.M.
Pre-chorus 1 & 3:
E5
C♯5
G♯5
C♯5
E5
1. Rise
P.M.

Eb5 Bb5 Eb5 E5 C#5 G#5 C#5
a - bove the lies.
2. Sac - ri - fice.
P.M.
E5 Ab5 A5 Bb5
4. A
P.M.
Verses 2 & 4:
E5 G5 G#5
2. Mor - als on a back - wards glove, a sin to you. For me it's hope;
group that ca - ters no ones fees or syn - thet - ic de - i - ties
P.M.
E5 F5 F#5
it's my life and pro - vi - sion.
is where I be - long.
P.M.

E5
G5
G♯5
Black or white, some pay to pray. You ques - tion why they act this way.
My stand is the hu - man race with - out a la - bel or a face,
P.M.
N.C.
A5
C5
It's their f*** - ing de - ci - sion.
so they can lick my sack.
Pre-chorus 2 & 4:
C♯5
G♯5 A5
F5
F♯5
B♭5
B5
C5
C♯5
G♯5 A5
A♭5 G♭5
No more judge - ment day; on - ly tran -
E5
C5
C♯5
G♯5
A5
F5
quil - i - ty.
Peace signs, pro -

F♯5
B♭5
B5
C5
C♯5
G♯5
A5
F♯5
- test lines, mean noth - ing to me.
T
A
B
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5
Hon - es - ty, born in
1.
me. Her - e - sy!
Elec. Gtr. 2
B5
B♭5
A♭5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
A♭5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
A♭5
B♭5
B5
B♭5
F♯5
G5
2.
Band tacet
Her - e - sy!

*Strike harmonic, pull up on bar and depress, then shake bar for vibrato.

G5 E5 F♯5
E5 G5 E5 F♯5 E5
G5 E5 F♯5
E5 G5 E5 F♯5 E5
G5 E5 F♯5
1.2.3.
C5 B5 A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5
A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5 A5
4.
C5 B5 A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5
A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
C5 B5 A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5
A5 F♯5 E5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
G5
Slower ♩ = 168 (drums play dbl.-time feel)
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5
Hon - es - ty, born in
me.
Her - e - sy!

Outro:
(Drums end dbl.-time feel)
E5
Elec. Gtr. 2
P.M.
F♯5 G5
G♯5
Ow!
E5
G5 E5
F♯5 G5
G♯5
C♯5 G♯5 C♯5 E♭5 B♭5 E♭5 E5
P.M.

MEDICINE MAN

All gtrs. in Drop D tuning: ⑥ = D

Moderately ♩ = 96

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

17
C5 B♭5 A5 E5 F5
Verse:
19
D(♭5,♭3)
D5
1. Man - y dis - tant miles a - way,
past the shores of ev - er dark,
2. Once proud and fear - less men,
with de - sire in their eyes.
Rhy. Fig. 1
Elec. Gtr. 3 (clean-tone)
mp
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 3) 3 times
21
there stays a mag - ic man
who bears an e - vil mark.
Lost strong and fruit - ful lives
to self - in - dul - gent ties.
23
He helps all con - cerned,
those who come a - gain re - turn.
Their souls were dipped in ven - om
then put in - to a box.
25
In - ject - ing lies while fires burn
the dev - il's heart
with an - gel's words!
Then placed up - on a crowd - ed shelf
where count - less souls
now rot!
Elec. Gtr. 1

w/Riff A (Elec. Gtr. 1) 2 times
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 3) 2 times
D(♭5,♭3)
D5
Have you won-dered what heav - en's like?
Have you won-dered what hell is like?
He can show you in just one night.
He can take you there.
O - ver-whelm-ing with eu - phor - ic lift,
Just one taste and you'll be back,
to lure you in to steal your gift!
and by the high you'll swear!
Elec. Gtr. 1
Pre-chorus:
In - tox - i - ca - tion,
seep-ing down to the bone,
and there's no ques - tion
to where you have to go!

1.
D5
E5
F5
F♯5
G5
N.C.
man.
end Rhy. Fig. 2
Elec. Gtr. 2
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
2.
Oh!
Elec. Gtr. 4 (w/dist.)
Guitar Solo:
A♭5
A.H.

G5 F5 D5
(A.H.)
F5 F♯5 G5 A♭5

*Hit harmonic and gradually depress trem. bar to slack.

*Shake trem. bar vigorously.

Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
D5 E5 F5 D5 E5 F5
Un - der - stand, just take his hand,
D5 E5 F5 D5 E5 F5 F♯5 G5
he's the med - i - cine man.
D5 E5 F5 D5 E5 F5
Un - der - stand, just take
D5 E5 F5 D5 E5 F5 F♯5 G5
his hand, he's the med - i - cine man.
Elec. Gtr. 2
Elec. Gtr. 1
F5 F♯5 G5 A♭5
Elec. Gtr. 2
P.M.
w/harmonizer
Elec. Gtr. 4

Outro:
A.H.
P.M.
G5 F5 D5
(A.H.)
harm.
*Hit harmonic and then slowly depress trem. bar to slack.
w/trem. bar

*Hit harmonic and then slowly depress trem. bar to slack.

Begin fade

C7(♯9) D7(♯9)

93

P.M. P.M.

95

A♭5

P.M. P.M.

Fade out

97

G5 F5 D5

P.M. P.M. P.M.

PRIMAL CONCRETE SLEDGE

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

All gtrs. in Drop D tuning: ⑥ = D

Moderately fast ♩ = 132

Intro:

N.C.
Elec. Gtr. 1 *(w/dist.)*

f *w/trem. bar*

pick slide

*Begin pick slide at fret 12.

N.C.
(D5)

f w/slight P.M. throughout

D5 G5 A♭5 F5 F♯5 E♭5 D5 A5 A♭5 E♭5
N.C.
(D5)
Whoa!
Rhy. Fig. 1
end Rhy. Fig. 1
Verse:
N.C.
(D5)
1. There's a dou - ble stan - dard for the way we live, if there's
(2.) man of a thou - sand re - tire - ments, will

18
noth - ing to have, well, then there's noth - ing to give. I'll
al - ways be the one to tell you when to quit. I
19
break a sweat and I don't re - gret, what you'd
won't take stock in a with - ered man, I'm
20
kill to see brings out the God in me.
reach - ing in - to you, I'll make you un - der - stand.
TAB

Chorus:
D5 G5 A♭5 F5 F♯5 E♭5 D5 A5 A♭5 F5 F♯5 E♭5 D5 G5 A♭5 F5 F♯5 E♭5
Come__ and be with__ me. Live__ my twist - ed__ dream. Pro__ de - vot - ed__ pledge.
D5 A5 A♭5 G5 F♯5
1.
F5 E5 E♭5
Jun - gle pri - mal__ con - crete sledge.
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
N.C.
(D5)
Whoa!
2. The

2.

Interlude:

E♭5 F5 E♭5 D5
P.M.
Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
Elec. Gtr. 1
Elec. Gtr. 2 tacet
E♭5 F5 F♯5 A♭5 A5 F♯5 A♭5 G5 F5 E♭5
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
N.C.
(D5)
Whoa!

Chorus:
D5 G5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5 D5 A5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5 D5 G5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5
Come and be with me. Live my twist - ed dream. Pro de - vot - ed pledge.
Elec. Gtr. 1
D5 A5 Ab5 G5 F#5 F5 Eb5
Jun - gle pri - mal con - crete...
D5 G5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5 D5 A5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5 D5 G5 Ab5 F5 F#5 Eb5
Come and be with me. Live my twist - ed dream. Pro de - vot - ed pledge.
D5 A5 Ab5 G5 F#5 F5 E5 Eb5
Jun - gle pri - mal con - crete sledge.

16
piles.
Un - gra - cious bludg - eon - ment that
nied.
Wish - ing you could help your friends
(P.M.)
19
E5
breaks the earth for miles.
stand - ing where they died.
(P.M.)
22
D(9)/A
C#5
Noth - ing can stop it, the day has come,
Ech - oes haunt - ing, a hol - low plan - et,
hold
P.M.
25
E5
from be - low it's cat - a - stroph - ic.
lac - er - a - tions, dis - sect - ed na - tion.
(P.M.)

D(9)/A
B5
hold
Pre-chorus:
G♯5
Rhy. Fig. 1
Freez - ing,
P.M.
B5 C♯5 D5
C♯5 B5 G♯5
there's no heal - ing,
fam - 'lies are
ev - 'ry-one's
dy -
P.M.
Chorus:
B5 C♯5 D5 C♯5 B5 G♯5
F♯5
- ing. This world is shat - tered.
end Rhy. Fig. 1
Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.

A5 B5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
All shat - tered.
end Rhy. Fig. 2
(P.M.)
P.M.
1.
2.
C5
(P.M.)
w/trem. bar
Interlude:
B5 A5 F♯5
C5
B5 A5 F♯5
C5
B5 A5 F♯5

C5
Guitar Solo:
N.C.
Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
C#5
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

70
B5
C5
C♯5
P.M.
73
D♯5
w/bar
P.M.
P.M.
76
P.M.
P.M.

*Depress trem. bar, hit note, release bar to normal position and then depress bar to slack.

Interlude:
Play 4 times
D♯5
Elec. Gtr. 1
F♯5 E5 F♯5
P.M.
E5 F♯5
G♯5 G5
P.M.
Pre-chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
G♯5
B5 C♯5 D5 C♯5 B5 G♯5
Freez - ing, there's no heal-
B5 C♯5 D5 C♯5 B5 G♯5
- ing, ev - 'ry-one's dy - ing. This world is shat -
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 4 times
F♯5
A5 B5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
- tered, all
A5 B5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
shat - tered. All

113
A5 B5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
shat - tered.
All
117
A5 B5 C5 B5 A5 F♯5
shat - tered.
Outro:
N.C.
121
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
124
(P.M.)
freely
F♯5
Elec. Gtr. 2
8va
126
Elec. Gtr. 1

(8va)
128
5
5
5
5
T
A
B
17 14 15 14 15 14 16 14 16 14 16 14 13 14 13 16 13 16 14 16
3
129
4

131
(8va)
6
7
17 17 14 17 16 14
14 17 14 14 17 16 14
16 (16) (16)
1 1
132
(8va)
15 13 14 16 13 14 16 14 16 17 14 16
17 16 17 14 16 17 19 17 19 16 17 19
w/trem. bar
(4)
134
(8va)
21
17
1
22
2
4 4 2
4 4 2

PSYCHO HOLIDAY

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

*Harmonic is played a little above the 2nd fret on the 3rd string.
Vibrato is made w/trem. bar.

Verse:
13
E5
1. Emp - ty and sweat - ing,
2.3. See additional lyrics
T
A
B
15
Elec. Gtr. 1 cont. simile
head ly - ing in your hands shak - ing in the cor - ner. Done too much al - co - hol,
18
got - ta get a - way from it all, 'cause it feels my blood is freez - ing.
21
Ab5
D5
E5
My self in - san - i - ty has
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.H.
P.H.
23
Ab5
D5
tak - en its toll. Frus - tra - tion
P.H.
P.H.

25
A♭5
D5
A♭5
D5
has tak - en its con - trol.
P.H.
P.H.
P.H.
P.H.
27
A♭5
E7
P.H.
P.M.
P.M.
Chorus:
29
B♭/G
A/G
A♭/G
Now I'm far from home, spend - ing time a - lone, it's time to set my de - mons free
2nd time (you're)
2nd time (your)
w/wah
32
G5
B♭/G
A/G
yeah! Been put through the test, my mind laid to rest,
2nd time (your)

To Coda
1.
2.
Ab/G
G5
G5
I'm on a psy - cho hol - i - day.
Huh!
2nd time (you're)
15ma
harm.
w/trem. bar
Guitar Solo:
E5
Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
grad. bend
G5
8va
(8va)

(8va)
44
T
A
B
15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22 15 18 22
(8va)
45
14 17 20 14 17 20 15 18 22 15 18 22 14 17 20 17 14 15 11 12 10 12
E5
46
12 13 12 12 15 12 13 12 12 14 12 13 12 12 15 17 17 17 15
8va
48
19 15 17 18 15 15 17 14 15 17 14 15 18 15 15 18 15 15 17 14 15 17 14 15
(8va)
49
19 15 17 17 14 15 19 15 17 17 14 15 19 19
1 1/2
G5
(8va)
50
15 17 18 17 18 17 15 17 15 18 15 18 17 18 17 15 17 15 18 15 18 17 18 17

*Depress trem. bar, hit harmonic, then gradually release bar to normal position.

Ab/G
G5
Bb/G
it's time to set my de-mons free, yeah!
Been put through the test,
8va
*w/Whammy ™ pedal
(w/trem. bar)
w/trem. bar
* Pitch actually sounds one octave higher than played through use of Digitech Whammy ™ pedal (an effect pedal that can raise or lower the pitch by up to two octaves).
A/G
Ab/G
G5
my mind laid to rest,
I'm on a psy-cho hol-i-day.
harm.
w/bar
Chorus:
Bb5
A5
Now I'm far from home,
spend-ing time a-lone,
Rhy. Fig. 1
P.M.
Ab5
G5
it's time to set my de-mons free.
P.M.

Verse 2:
Shot down on sight,
You are the target of attention.
One woman here, another there,
You can't please all the people all the time.
Can't tell the strangers
From the friends you know,
Frustration has taken its control.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
I'm strapped in for life,
Is this where I lived
Or where I died?
You want my money, you take my space,
My mind is telling me to leave this place.
My self insanity has taken its toll,
Frustration has taken its control.
(To Chorus:)

THE SLEEP

Words and Music by
VINCENT PAUL ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE ABBOTT,
REX ROBERT BROWN and PHILIP HANSEN ANSELMO

Verse:
16 C B C F♯m
1. Un - der - stand - ing what has hap - pened be - fore us.
2. Un - sure and scared we are plan - ning our re - prise.
18 C B C F♯m
We are con - fined to a dark - ened hid - den tomb.
Re - volves a - round us what we don't know an - y - more.
20 C B C F♯m
The con - quer - ing of our world as we knew it.
The odds a - gainst us, yet we're strong - er and pre - vail - ing.
22 C B 1. C F♯m
Rise a - bove this pit of sor - row and pain.
Learn from mis - takes, count - ing
T
A
B

C
B
C
F♯m
A - mong the few we are the a - vant lead - ers.
To Next Strain
(To Chorus:)
2.
C
B
C
F♯m
C
F♯m
We've got to live through this trou-ble and de - cay.
souls for sale.
Chorus:
E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
This ques - tion haunts my mind,
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
will we sur - vive this night?
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
We're har - bor - ing the meek,
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
1.
N.C.
will we sur - vive the sleep?
w/trem. bar
D.S. 𝄋
C
B
C
F♯m
2.
will we sur - vive the sleep?
w/trem. bar

Interlude:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous. Gtr.)
Am
Fmaj7
F7/A
Am
Fmaj7
F7/A
Am
Em7/A
Am
Fdim7
Am
Em7/A
Am
Fdim7
A5
Elec. Gtr. 2 (w/dist.)
mf
Elec. Gtr. 1
& Acous. Gtr.
Guitar Solo:
Elec. Gtr. 1 tacet
Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
Am6
Elec. Gtr. 3 (w/dist.)
f
w/trem. bar
Acous. Gtr.

Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
Am6
8va
55
Fdim7
(8va)
57
58

Acous. Gtr. tacet
A5
Am
F6
Dm
G
Harm.
w/trem. bar
grad. bend
Elec. Gtr. 1
& Acous. Gtr.
Rhy. Fig. 2
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 3 times
A.H.
w/wah

E5
Bb5
B5
68
Rhy. Fig. 3A
Acous. Gtr.
Rhy. Fig. 3
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
70
end Rhy. Fig. 3A
end Rhy. Fig. 3

Acous. Gtr. tacet
Am
F6
Dm
G
8va
Elec. Gtr. 3
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
grad. bend
A.H.
(A.H.)
w/trem. bar

Am
F6
Dm
G
15ma
2 1/2
Harm.
w/trem. bar
P.M.
*Strike harmonic, pull up on trem. bar 2 1/2 steps, release bar and shake.
8va
(8va)

Am F6

(8va)

P.M.

P.M.

Dm G

(8va)

P.M.

P.M.

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A *(Elec. Gtr. 1 & Acous. Gtr.)*

E5 B♭5 B5 E5 B♭5 B5

15ma

E5
N.C.
C
B
C
D5
B/D♯
Elec. Gtr. 1
P.M.
w/trem. bar
Chorus:
E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
This ques - tion haunts_ my mind,___
will we sur - vive___ this night?_
We're har - bor - ing___ the meek,___

E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
D5
B/D♯
97
will we sur - vive?
P.M.
T
A
B
99
This ques - tion haunts my mind,
Elec. Gtr. 2
8va throughout
Elec. Gtr. 1
101
will we sur - vive this night?

103
E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
We're har - bor - ing the meek,
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
105
E5
F♯m
G
B5
A5
D5
B/D♯
will we sur - vive this
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.

E5
N.C.
107
night?
Elec. Gtr. 1
w/trem. bar
P.M. throughout
Outro:
109
C
B
C
F♯m
111
C
B
C
F♯m
Ow!

COWBOYS FROM HELL

PRIMAL CONCRETE SLEDGE

PSYCHO HOLIDAY

HERESY

CEMETERY GATES

DOMINATION

SHATTERED

CLASH WITH REALITY

MEDICINE MAN

MESSAGE IN BLOOD

THE SLEEP

THE ART OF SHREDDING

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